A

# COLLECTION

OF

# Elegiac Poesy,

All Originals:

To which is added

## BEWDLEY;

A descriptive POEM in BLANK VERSE:

AND

## A POEM on *MALVERN SPAW.*

---

By E. COOPER, of *Mag. Hall, Oxon*; and
School-Master of *Chaddesly, Worcestershire.*

---

*We dream of Shadows when we talk of Life,*
*Of Pelop's Shoulder, of Pythagoras' Thigh,*
*Of Surius' Saints: of Ovid's Gods,*
*Mere Tales to cheat our Children with to rest.*

---

*LONDON.*

Printed for the Author, and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

~~11422.2~~

HARVARD COLLEGE
AUG 4 1919
LIBRARY
Shapleigh fund

A

# COLLECTION

OF

# Elegiac Poesy, &c.

A

# COLLECTION

OF

Elegiac Poetry, &c.

THE

# CONTENTS.


ELEGY I. *Inſcribed to a young gentleman in the army.* Page 1.

ELEGY II. *The country ſquire: To a friend.* 7.

ELEGY III. *The widow: To a lady.* 17.

ELEGY IV. *In retirement: To Mr. Thompſon.* 27.

ELEGY V. *The parting lovers: To a lady.* 40.

ELEGY VI. *On the death of Mr. Madox, ſon to the late Lord Biſhop of Worceſter.* 41.

ELEGY VII. *The Neglect of genius.* 44.

ELEGY VIII. *On the death of Dr. Hodges.* 47.

*Bewdley, a poem in two books.* 57.

*Malvern-Spaw: To a lady.* 81.

*Hymn to learning,* 85.

## ERRATA.

Page 2, l. 21. for *does* read *and*. l. 23. for *your* read *thy*. l. 24. for *your* read *thy*. p. 3. l. 3. for *darkned* read *darken'd*. p. 4. l. 12. for *bosom* read *blossom*. p. 5. l. 9. for *open brow* read *brow solute*. p. 7. l. 1. for *calls* read *talks*.

TO THE

# Right Reverend Lord Biſhop of *Worceſter*.

*My Lord,*

AS in every new attempt to facilitate the progreſs of ſcience it is uſual to ſollicit the favour of men of learning and abilities, I hope, therefore, I ſtand the more excuſed in taking the liberty of prefixing your Lordſhip's name to this collection of Elegiac Poeſy. I doubt not but a ſenſible ſatisfaction muſt flow from every generous breaſt, in introducing the leaſt degree of merit in its earli-

eſt

eſt ſtages into the world; I flatter myſelf, therefore, that the impetuoſity of youth will be the more eaſily excuſed. May your lordſhip long live, ſtill firmly attached to the cauſe of the church of England, and prove the character of a church-man, not ~~identical~~ ideal, but real. This is the conſtant prayer of

*Your Lordſhip's*

*moſt dutiful and*

*obedient Servant,*

The Author.

A

# COLLECTION

OF

# Elegiac Poeſy, &c.

## ELEGY I.

*Inſcribed to a young gentleman in the army.*

MY ſon, attentive to the runic lay,
Whilſt youthful ardor ſparkles in thy eye;
Thee I invite, one moment to ſurvey
The page that tells thee, that we all muſt die.

When time ſhall ſet his ſeal upon thy brow,
And trembling all your nervous ſyſtem quake;
Beneath its weight the good old man muſt bow,
His wife, his children, and his all forſake.

When deareſt friends no more for thee can do,
For mournful pageants and the hearſe is come;
Left to the care of once a friendly few,
Who ſafely will conduct the wand'rer home.

Yet through theſe mortal opticks ſhalt thou ſee,
The beaming glories of the lengthned way,
Serenely chearful, and thy ſpirit free,
The ev'ning prelude to a glorious day.

Was thirſt of knowledge all thy heart's deſire,
Or does thy ſkill metallic worlds invade?
Does art alchymic ſet thy breaſt on fire,
And was the ſecret never yet betray'd?

Is life abounding, does the roſeate hue
Of ſmiling health ſit cheerful on your face?
Do ſoftning damſels ſigh alone for you,
Commend your manners, or your modeſt grace?

* The time ſhall come when whiten'd o'er with age,
The ſilver cordage looſer tenſion takes;

Th'

* The reader will obſerve that the author has frequently recourſe to the laſt chapter of *Eccleſ.* eſpecially in this place.

In arterial ſtream forget its youthful rage,
And briſk pulſations then thy veins forſake.

Thy eyes be darkned, and the grinders ceaſe,
Deaf the quick ear to muſick's ſoothing ſound,
Known by the wrinkles of a furrow'd face,
That time has mark'd thee for thy native ground.

Thy ear inclining to the doric lay,
I will conduct thee to yon moſs-grown cell;
There a good hermit ſpends the live-long day,
And all the woes of life to thee he'll tell:

Mark well his precepts, place 'em next thy heart,
To guard thy youthful ardor on its way;
From knowledge yet he never did depart,
Led by the foſt'ring light of wiſdom's ray.

(Adown his back a flowing mantle hung,
His locks were whiten'd like the new-fall'n ſnow;
No noiſy clamour in his cottage rung,
For he to tumult always was a foe.)

Still does the ſun-ſhine of a mind at reſt
Illumine all the little world of man;

Long, long with peace and plenty is he bleſs'd,
And never does his neighbours actions ſcan.

'Twas thus he told me as I oft paſs'd by
To view the glories of declining day;
Stop youth a moment, yet before I die,
Hear what experienc'd age has now to ſay.

The feather-footed hours away are fled,
And ſhadowy darkneſs ſpeaks the day's decline:
Say ſo in death, we all muſt hide our head,
Youth's almond boſom! thine as well as mine.

Oft have I ſeen gay mantled ſpring reſign
Her vernal beauties to the ſummer's ray;
Whilſt tranquil autumn with a mild decline,
At length relapſed to a winter's day.

Say ſo, fond boy, when crimſon tides of health,
And briſk pulſations beat in every vein,
When gilded honours of attractive wealth,
Bid all thy paſſions give alooſe the reign.

Decrepid age comes ſlowly creeping on,
Silver'd like winter with his hoary head;

Then

Then all thy youthful joys, alas! are gone,
And death prepares for thee a lowly bed.

Nor think theſe precepts irkſome to thy ear,
As what uneaſy mortals vainly preach;
A chearful brow awaits me all the year,
And liſten further what I have to teach.

With open brow, and eaſy mein attend
The chearful dictates that contentment brings;
With kindeſt care then nurſe the kindeſt friend,
Nor lend a patient ear where riot ſings.

Defil'd nor branded by corruptions ſtain,
See conſcious joy ſits ſmiling on thy face;
Whilſt ſacred honour with a juſt diſdain,
Looks pitying on a ſervile fawning race.

Pale-fac'd dejection gnaws the painful breaſt
Of flatt,rers perjur'd by corruptions ſhow'r;
And had'ſt thou all Potoſi in thy cheſt,
It would not yield one chearful happy hour.

Let ſorrow then with mopiſh boading fly
The peaceful manſions of my moſs-grown cell;

Content

Content and chearful, Jeſus, will I die,
And wait with patience for my dying knell.

Till then my ſoul be thou diſturb'd no more;
Hope ſtill in God, rely on him for aid;
For ſinners yet he mercy has in ſtore,
And all thy works in him ſhall be repaid.

To God thy maker as a tender friend,
In all thy dangers tell thy ſecret grief;
Diſdain profuſions, and regard the end,
And truſt to him for kind and juſt relief.

So ſhalt thou live beyond the rage of time,
When fluted marbles crumble into duſt;
And prove how happy to be good betime,
And ſtill how monſtrous to be bad at firſt.

ELEGY

# ELEGY II.

## *The country ſquire: to a friend.*

THE trumpet calls from heav'n "awake and come
"Forth from the grave, ye ſheeted ſons of clay,
"And cloath'd with immortality become
"The ſons of darkneſs and empyreal day".

It's thunder rattles through the howling ſky,
And on the wings of ſilence ſteals along;
The dead riſe ſtartled, in a moment fly
From ſculptur'd marbles and the chizzel'd ſtone.

The tombs are burſting, and the world's on fire;
See planets drop down headlong with the ſun;
Hark, thunders ſpeaking God's vindictive ire,
And rills no more in pratling murmurs run!

With meaſur'd ſtrides from atlas to the pole,
Th'arch-angel dreadful ſtrides from ſhore to ſhore;
See the blue curtain ſhrivel'd like a ſcroll,
And earth, and ſea, and ſky return the roar.

'Twas

'Twas then as thus in fancy's lap I lay,
The fluted marbles gave the riſing dead;
Methought all dreadful to immortal day,
A ſullen ſpectre rear'd his awful head.

Oft had he lorded with a brow ſevere,
O'er modeſt merit's heart-relenting woe;
Nor could the voice of mercy whiſp'ring in his ear,
Ere ſooth this ſtubborn clown or pity's foe.

Perhaps a virgin graceful in diſtreſs,
Whilſt modeſt bluſhes ſtrove to hide her tale,
Petition'd gently for ſome kind redreſs,
And ſoftly hop'd ſhe might at length prevail.

With hands meek-folded on her heaving breaſt,
In mute ſubmiſſion lift the tearful eye;
With patience hope her caſe might be redreſs'd,
Cloath'd in the garb of virgin ſanctity.

Shews how forlorn by fortune's random blow,
Her bloom unfoſter'd ſick'ned in the ſhade,
Calls all ~~her~~ the hamlet to relate her woe,
By grief and ſickneſs ſo diſtreſsful made.

But

But he maintains his arbitrary reign,
And ſneers an inſult at the piteous tale;
Regardleſs hears her moan and hapleſs ſtrain,
Nor cries, nor tears, can over him prevail.

Yon white-rob'd bard that ſweeps the golden lyre,
'Midſt choral warblings in the purpl'd ſky,
That now enjoys his ſweet poetic fire,
Array'd in ſtoles of pureſt ſanctity.

Full oft neglected, droop'd along the plain,
And plaintive taught the hard'ned rocks to mourn;
The rocks relenting ſoft'ned for the ſwain,
And tears guſh'd out, and eccho trill'd her moan.

But he, relentleſs foe to every joy,
Whoſe well-ſteel'd breaſt compaſſion never knew;
When aſk'd in mute ſubmiſſion for the boy,
Ne'er dropt one tear, grief's tributary due.

The peopled ſtream might yield a ſoft delight,
And lend an aid to contemplation's pow'r;
The chaſe might ſtring the nerves if judg'd aright,
But ſee oppreſſion's rod forbid the hour.

To tame his youth to philoſophic care,
And ſearch each muſe-fir'd author's claſſic page,
The ſtudent eyes the ſick'ning taper's glare,
At length to catch the poet's ſacred rage.

If ſuch the labours that on ſcience wait,
(And arduous labours then I'm ſure there be)
Who would deny a mild and ſoft retreat,
To ſober life, and ingenuity!

Before moleſted by his lordly rule,
Or undiſturb'd by his deſpotic reign,
The ſportive truant wand'ring from the ſchool,
With imitated fly would ſkim the main;

With ſweet temptation hook the ſilver fry,
And them ſollicit careful to the ſhore;
Then gently look and eye 'em panting lye;
Then wave the ſlender line, and pray for more.

But now no more he leads his lib'ral walk,
Or devious wanders o'er the daiſy'd plain,
Where fancy points, to hear the fountain's talk
He ſtrays no more, or hears his * warblers ſtrain.

* The Nightingale.

There

There liv'd (and many more are left behind)
A modeſt youth, well ſkill'd in claſſic lore,
Who oft had known a tender mother kind,
When Oxford's pleaſures had conſum'd his ſtore.

And when ſtern winter ſow'd with prickly froſt
The vig'rous æther, and confirm'd the glebe,
For fear her tender darling might be loſt,
Enwrap his limbs with care, and him relieve.

'Midſt ſoft voluptuous flow'rets would ſhe ſtray,
To taſte the pleaſures of the vernal breeze;
Content along with him at eve of day,
When Philomela wak'd the ſlumb'ring trees.

A mother's fondneſs proves a mother's woe,
And ſhews the folly of too fond regard;
*He* now has met this tyrant, ſure his foe,
And grief and ſorrow now are his reward.

His ſtipend ſlender, and his means are great,
Encumber'd now with wife and children too;
Alas! ſubmiſſive bends beneath the feet
Of this his lordly patron in his view.

T'offend the 'ſquire, how careful muſt he be
His text to chuſe, nor ſpeak his darling crime;
All he may cenſure boldly tell but he,
Or if he does he rues th' unhappy time.

Nor longer roves the tender ſtripling more,
Where fancy points to Spencer's fairy Page;
No more has time to read th' inſtructive lore
Of Tully now, or Homer's dazling rage.

Ah what avails it once for him to know
The moral precepts Antoninus gave;
That brave Æneas bravely fought his Foe,
Or hapleſs Dido ſought for love a grave.

Did Rochefocault or Rabelais delight,
Ought for the feſtive or the moral Vein;
Or night's black pall with ſolemn taper light,
In Young's* grave turn inſpire a graver Strain?

What boots it once alas for him to know
The pureſt idiom of the latian tongue;
From ſweet Eraſmus' claſſic page to flow,
Whilſt in his praiſe the ecchoing hamlet rung.

* Dr. Young. Propertius

Propertius once endeared his tender breaſt,
With plaintive wailings for a lover's woe;
Whilſt ſweet Tibullus for a Delia's reſt,
Turns ſelf-tormenter, to himſelf a foe.

Once with Catullus in hymeneal lays,
How would he paint the bliſs a Sylvia gave;
Or now with Petrarch* crown'd in laſting bays,
Juſt drop one Tear on Lucy's hallow'd grave.

Swift† too in feſtive Strains might oft delight.
And give to laughter all her fill of joy;
With pleaſure he might think the joker right,
Admire his wit without the leaſt alloy.

But now delighted with each book no more,
Fore-run by fear he dreads his patron's pow'r;
Save moaping Gallus'‡ peeviſh gloomy lore,
And longs for death, that pleaſing happy hour.

Since

* Lord *Lyttleton*, a dean author, univerſally liked. See his monody on the death of his lady. Dodſley's coll.

† Dean Swift.

‡ Com. Gall. eleg. 6 libri.

Since life's a load he cannot longer bear,
Ah! was he dead how happy ſhould he be;
To penſive muſing, nurſe of anxious care,
He gives his reſtleſs mind in miſery.

In mournful light, and viſionary gloom,
The ſun grows dim, ſweet eye of chearful day;
He dreams of death, and ſees the black hung room,
In mental view by melancholy's ray.

What dire illuſions tire the penſive breaſt,
When fancy points to ſad ideal woe!
Nor can th' unhappy mortal find a reſt,
When madneſs enters and commences foe.

This was thy lot, oh ſweet Leander thine,
(Ah ſee the languid poſture of deſpair)
One tear I drop, and think it may be mine,
Oppreſs'd with fear and melancholy's air.

Ingenious artiſt in the tender tale,
Sweet poet too in paſt'rals doric lay; prevail
May I, thy friend, companion, once hereail,
The grateful tribute of a tear to pay.

For ſure her attic nectar in thy breaſt,
In copious ſtreams fair ſcience did inſtil;
Religion too in dove-ey'd joy and reſt,
Once at the fountain gave thee all thy fill.

Could trophy'd arches with thy deeds inroll'd,
Call back to life the monumental duſt;
Or lines effulgent daub'd in letter'd gold,
With gloomy grandeur of the chizzel'd buſt?

Could theſe, I ſay, call back the fleeting breath,
Some mild Aurelius would not ſpare the coſt,
To ſave thee friendly from the ſhades of death,
Before a poet's early name be loſt.

Near talking fountains and a genial ſhade,
While foreſts ſung, or meadows wav'd with gold;
By nature ſeem'd for contemplation made!
By turns our thoughts we ſhould to each unfold.

Nor dreading ought, ſo gladſom was our life,
Than gloomy Priſcus' ever angry frown;
Devoid of riches, troubles, care and ſtrife,
Laugh at the foibles of a giddy town.

Now trace with joy the ſweet hiſtoric page,
And view the ſhort-liv'd honours of mankind;
Then gently ſmile at envious party's rage,
Or praiſe the firm, yet ſtill undaunted mind.

Then conſcious joy ſat ſmiling on thy face,
And then by turns our toil we would relieve;
Reviewing ſtill the faults of human race,
And yet good nature would thoſe faults reprieve.

Ah! how dull ſighted to our own we prove,
And others nicely how we can deſcry;
How ſtrongly biaſs'd we ourſelves belove,
And look at others with a jaundic'd eye!

Once damaſk'd o'er with purpled tides of health,
Whilſt chryſtal luſtre ſparkled in thy eye;
How would'ſt thou ſcorn the hoards of ill-got pelf,
And all the giddy tinſel train defy?

But ſunk in gloom, and in a land unknown
The body's gone, the ſpirit's fled away:
My God, my God, the loſs I will bemoan,
And thus a grateful tribute do I pay.

Unhappy boy, too early loſt to me,
Whoſe very ſouls we did to each impart;
Oh how I long thee once again to ſee,
Companion of my youth, and partner of my heart.

## ELEGY III.

### *The Widow. Inſcribed to a lady.*

INDULGE, my Sylvia, once the moral lay,
And hear diſtreſſed pity's ſoothing tale;
To modeſt worth a grateful tribute pay,
And may a poet's pray'r for once prevail.

Nor yet to thee th' hiſtoric muſe ſhall tell
In what brave cauſe by hardy virtue's lore;
The ſelf-enobled Cranmer bravely fell,
By monkiſh folly or the popiſh* whore.

See from the Sky th'expanding genius come,
Points to ſtern virtue's emulative ſchool;



* Rome.

Who met the death of truly chriſtian Rome,
With meek compoſure from a Bonner's* rule.

Firm as the Decii of immortal fame,
They bravely ſtood full ſteady to their truſt;
With rev'rence hear a Ridley's ſacred name,
To God, religion, and his country juſt.

Nor thee, old Taylor, can the muſe forbear,
In heart-felt joy to ſing thy noble cauſe;
Who longs like thee ſo ſweet a death to ſhare,
For virtue only, virtue's ſacred laws.

Then many a widow, woeful ſore and wan,
Diſtreſs'd as that perhaps of which I ſing;
Deplor'd her lord, her life, and own good man,
And with her wailings made the valleys ring.

Like

* This ſarcaſm properly belongs to the popiſh party, who pretending to be the moſt chriſtian people, are in reality the moſt bloody and deſigning. Of their remarkable clemencies we have notorious inſtances in the hiſtory of Mary, and the Powder Plot; and though it is ſcarce worth mentioning their genuine church has manifeſted its delegated clemency (ſuch as towards the Albigenſes and Waldenſes formerly) in thoſe exquiſite tortures they put the criminals to at Liſbon. Thoſe that doubt this aſſertion of their cruelty, I deſire they would conſult Dr. Smollet's hiſtory of Mary; and I am glad of returning that maſterly writer thanks for his Hiſtory of England, which I have peruſed with equal profit and delight.

Like Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame,
A Mary's name is whiſtled through the world,
(How many ways to gain on earth a name)
To ſhores remote her cruelty is hurl'd.

Far in a wild beſide a hard-worn way,
Remote from noiſe, and veil'd from publick view,
A decent widow ſpent the live-long day,
And heav'n at laſt the All ſhe did purſue.

Pray'r, all her buſineſs, to her God ſhe ſpent,
The reſt in praiſe; for mercies that were giv'n,
She juſtly thought her time was only lent,
A ſacred truſt committed her from heav'n.

When ſober ev'ning mantled all the ſky
With fleecy grey be-drop'd with waved gold,
To ſtill retreats full often would ſhe hie,
And all her ſecrets to her God unfold.

Perhaps ſome grief diſturb'd her tender breaſt,
And then in *ſilent ſhade* ſhe pour'd her moan:
For real grief will always think it beſt,
In making its complaint to God *alone*.

" O come, Euſebia, thou heart-eaſing fair,
" And baniſh ſorrow from my penſive breaſt;
" Known by thy braids of pureſt waving hair,
" Come, come, to me and ſooth my ſoul to reſt.

" Come then, I hear the meek Redeemer cry,
" Pale-viſag'd care no longer gnaws my heart:
" Come, come, to me the ecchoing bells reply,
" For God will never from a ſinner part.

" Oft to thy houſe exulting will I go,
" Whilſt cherub joy attendant cheers my ſoul
" With chaſte deſire forgive my greateſt foe,
" Whilſt on the wings of praiſe thy anthems roll.

" Oft with a heart at reſt beneath the ſhade,
" I'll mark thy works, and eye almighty pow'r;
" Or now reclin'd as near yon cool caſcade
" Will liſtleſs doze away the vernal hour.

" How bleſt the peaceful moments ſlide along,
" When ſmiling eaſe ſits cheerful on my brow!
" I'll chear the mellow eve then with a ſong,
" For harmleſs mirth our Maker does allow.

" In

" In vain may noxious chilling dews deſcend,
" Or burning cancer madden in my vein;
" My God from ills *me* always did defend,
" Supported ſtill by ſweet Jehovah's reign

" How often was I graciouſly preſerv'd
" From the ſlow mining of the torpid year!
" Ah! was my pray'r, great God, by thee prefer'd,
" And did it reach the whiſpers of thy ear?

" Then may I beg my every hour be thine,
" My life, my ſoul, my all I give to thee;
" This hour I own thee ever, ever mine;
" Return, return, thy favour unto me."

'Twas thus the tender widow ſpent her time,
Her habit decent, cleanly you ſhould ſee;
With chearful eaſe ſhe never would repine,
Nor think it hard for pleaſing poverty.

Full oft ſhe caſt a retroſpective eye
To all the glories of a tinſel'd life;
Returning dazzled, often would ſhe fly
To ſtill the quarrels of domeſtic ſtrife.

Juſt heav'n had bleſt this widow with a ſon,
The tender ſolace of her ev'ry hour:
In every thing thy will, O God, be done,
Nor can we mortals check almighty pow'r.

It chanc'd a fatal ſickneſs o'er the land
On blacken'd wing its baleful influence ſpread,
And wing'd with fate, by God's moſt juſt command,
Laid low the youth among the ſilent dead.

(Oft had he prattled on his mother's knee,
And liſp'd full oft the tedious time away;
Then to her arms how often would he flee,
To cheat with mirth and joy the lengthen'd day.)

With pious drops that trickled from her eye,
And bitter wailings for her only ſon,
She watch'd the time the parting ſoul would fly,
But ſtill ſhe cry'd, thy will, O God, be done.

She ſaw him drooping on the languid bed,
And oft in ſecret ſilent anguiſh wept;
Then in her boſom ſtay'd the drooping head,
Death drew the curtain, and the Infant ſlept.

O dreadful blow, the penſive widow cries,
Nip'd in his youth, and too my only ſon;
What ſtrange miſchance that me my Saviour flies!
But ſtill I beg thy will, O God, be done.

When lo in ſilver luſtre purely bright,
Striding the clouds a radiant angel came
Diſpanding wide his airy wings for flight,
And gently thus accoſts the plaintive dame.

" Lights painted children ever pure and free,
" Attendant ſtill protect the pious breaſt;
" The deed was done—was done, alas, by me,
" Mark then the end, and ſooth thy ſoul to reſt.

(How vainly we impeach th' Almighty's will,
Uneaſy mortals here on earth we ſtray!
And anxious, gloomy, diſcontented ſtill,
For what we know not, what moſt fervent pray.)

" Reſign'd like thee let them example take,
" Who murm'ring act 'gainſt heav'ns moſt juſt decree;
" Hear but the tale, and all your ſins forſake,
" The tale allotted to be told by me.

Know

" Know then this darling of thy drooping years,
" Oh, had he liv'd! had been to vice a prey;
" Had coſt you many a flood of briny tears,
" And many more had tempted on his way.

" How juſt unerring wiſdom then decreed
" The ſoul its manſion in yon radiant ſky!
" And thus from ſin's dark bondage is he freed,
" And happy thus from ſin and death to fly!

" Now 'midſt yon flaming roſes of the zone,
" That beam their glories on his ſtarry crown,
" The ſpotleſs babe that left you here alone,
" Now looks with generous ſcorn on all things down.

" The planets unregarded walk the ſky,
" And burniſh'd clouds are droſs before his view;
" Nor ſtarry worlds attract his won'dring eye,
" Nor wiſhes more to be along with you.

" The ſpotleſs eſſence of eternal light
" Plays round the ſacred infant's roſy breaſt;
" The ſun no more attracts his raviſh'd ſight,
" For there his Saviour gives him all his reſt.

" Tha

" That reſt you wiſh for in this mortal coil,
" Before releas'd from tenements of clay;
" The end of all our grief and all our toil,
" A glorious prelude to immortal day.

" Thy cup to ſweeten, and to ſooth thy woe,
" On ſacred errand I to thee was ſent;
" To bid no more thy ſorrows now to flow,
" And all thy moan and all thy grief prevent".

Reſign'd and meek, learn mortals to admire,
Th' unerring wiſdom of almighty pow'r;
Nor with vain nonſenſe then his patience tire,
With doleful ſobbings for a tedious hour.

For know true goodneſs in a heart at reſt,
Conſiſts in cheerful mirth and honeſt ſoul;
The good man ever always was the beſt,
For parts conſtituent centre in the whole.

Still yon refulgent chambers of the ſky,
Are ever open to a pious gueſt;
To mercy's gate then always ſmiling fly,
And lull thy ſoul in Jeſus' peaceful breaſt.

With angel ſweetneſs purpling in his face,
And looks of love ſoft ſtreaming in his eye,
The babe oft kens thee with a ſmiling grace,
And often wiſhes for his mother nigh.

For know ætherial ſouls auſpicious wait
With ſapphire eyes upon their friends below,
Ready to ope ſweet mercy's golden gate,
And wiſh they ~~was~~ more not to themſelves the foe.

So ſaid, he plum'd his wing and caſt his eye
With ſteady ken on ſeraphs in the ſphere;
Then wing'd his height and gained on the ſky,
Their heav'nly notes at his approach to hear.

The richeſt note of harmony they ſwell,
And hymning loud the new made angel greet;
So lately reſcued from the jaws of hell,
And ever and anon with love the brother meet.

A voice was heard which trembling all the ſky,
Huſh'd in a moment all the heav'nly choir,
To me it ſaid "each drooping ſoul ſhall fly,
"And find a reſcue from eternal fire".

On purpled clouds a band of angels rode,
Whilſt new born ſplendor ſparkled forth its ray;
With nectar dewy looks they hymn'd aloud,
" A ſoul was ſaved to immortal day".

Such joy celeſtial angels always know,
For happy ſouls from ſin and death ſet free,
They often caſt expreſſive looks below,
And wiſh we were releas'd from miſery.

Learn then with patience always to adore
Th' unerring wiſdom of eternal might;
And ſcan the depths of providence no more,
For know this truth, whatever is is right.

## ELEGY IV.

*In retirement. Inſcribed to Mr. Thompſon, late fellow of Queens College Oxford.*

WHILST muſky winds the ſtreaming canvas ſwell,
And fan the landſkips purfled boſom dear;
Where young ey'd ſpring 'midſt roſes likes to dwell,
The youthful poet drops a penſive tear.

The tear of ſorrow trickling down along,
Perhaps bedews the ſnowy lily's breaſt;
As to yon ſtar he tunes his mournful ſong,
Falls ſilent o'er the purple vi'lets veſt.

The humid radience of the powder'd ſky,
And worlds juſt twinkling to the ſtraining ſight;
On pinion'd thought would tempt the ſoul to fly,
And fill the mind with rapture and delight.

Full oft reclin'd near woodbine circled bow'rs,
I ſought the incenſe ~~of~~ the muſes brought;
Or gently lull'd away the mirth-infuſing hours,
To court the luxury of tender thought.

But now no more the painted meads invite,
The vermeil garden nor the vocal choir;
No more yon lucid twinklings charm the ſight,
Nor glows my breaſt with all its wonted fire.

Nor deem it impious to revere thy name,
Ætherial ſon of fancy's trueſt birth!
My infant muſe once long'd for ſuch a fame,
That grateful breath'd from merit's laſting worth.

In ſympathetic languiſhment the ſoul
In real woe its reſtleſs paſſion tells;
In every act it finds a ſad controul,
And on its tireſome grief for ever dwells.

With folded arms along the ſilent groves
The paſſive youth to penſive grief a prey;
Near to yon rivulets lonely moaning roves
And grows impatient for declining day.

The morning comes; and care unmans the ſoul,
Whilſt frantic ſorrows mantle in my brain;
For tumults now in whirling eddies roll,
That far exceed the wild enthuſiaſt's ſtrain.

Ah! what avails a youthful poet's name,
When blaſphemy defiles the muſes ſong!
For moſt unknown to merit's riſing fame,
With curs'd deceit will repreſent it wrong.

Perhaps, mild youth, you miſemploy your time,
Imbitter life, and ſtarve the liberal ſoul;
With jingling nonſenſe cramp'd in gothic rhyme,
Whilſt brainſick frenzy through thy pages roll.

Lean penury attends the flighty ſtrain,
And ever waits on poets wretched life;
Then read no more; lay ſchemes for hoarded gain,
Or try the ſolace of a married life,

Go, hapleſs mourner, quit the ſilent grove,
Nor tune no more the cypreſs-weeping lyre;
No more o'er * Hammond's wailings wond'ring rove,
Nor talk of rapture, and a Shakeſpear's fire.

Go ſeek diverſions 'midſt the buſtling crowd,
Or try new ſcenes, ſtill ſhifting to thy view;
Reſound his lordſhip's praiſe with heat aloud;
Deſpiſe religion, and the ſaintiſh crew.

Let not ambition tempt thy tender muſe
Then through the rugged paths of modern lore;
For ſquint-ey'd critics will thy lines refuſe;
Perhaps befriended by thy friends no more.

Try

* Mr Hammond's elegies are too well known to the learned world to deſerve further encomiums. Let it be only remarked, that pathetic ſoftneſs and delicacy of ſentiment ought to be preſerved in every collection of Elegiac Poeſy. What regret muſt it be to the learned world to have loſt ſo diſtinguiſh'd a genius in his youth!

Try Circe's arts; and ſweet oblivion drink
To gloomy thought, or ſad corroding care;
In pleaſing frenzy ſee thy ſorrows ſink,
And now thy lighten'd ſoul will better fare."

Too weakly indolent to jilt the muſe,
The ſoft enthuſiaſt yields t'enticing ſong;
Who can thy ſweetneſs, Thompſon, once refuſe,
That e'er to love's ſoft train did once belong?

Unhappieſt ſure of all unhappy men,
Ye finer ſouls who mellow into love
From the ſlight touches of a poet's pen,
And in your breaſt ſuch ſweeteſt pain approve.

Without the gift of fortune's partial hand,
What boots, my Laura, once for me to know,
That Maro liv'd in fair Italia's land,
Or Delia caus'd the muſe-fir'd poets woe?

When Auguſt wander'd all our up-lands o'er,
Or luſty April mantled in her bloom,
Where rivers ſtray along in humid ſtore,
How oft did we our ev'ry hour conſume?

When

When Leo rode ſole emperor of the ſky,
And thirſty ſhowers of refreſhment lack'd;
To ſtill retreats together would we hie,
And kiſs ideal fictions into fact.

The Medecean *Venus have I ſeen,
In ſportive daliance, amorous delay;
So lightly trip it o'er the verdant green,
Streaming all around her lambent day.

But now no more the devious poet ſtrays,
With beauty to protract the ſilent hours;
O'er daiſy'd meadows hymning vocal lays,
Nor to yon ſtar† his pleaſing muſings pours.

Paſſive he ſinks beneath the weighty blow,
When ſad oppreſſion lifts her iron rod;
In fearful whiſpers does his ſorrows flow,
In ſad reſources to his guardian God.

With Whitehead's‡ muſe thro' each voluptuous wild,
In ſportive glee how often ſhould I roam;

Or

* Ms. N——s. † Evening ſtar.

‡ See ſix elegies from Italy, wrote by W. Whitehead, Eſq;

Or oft when Huckell's * lyre the time beguil'd,
As fancy fir'd ſing ſweetly wailing home.

Though juſt Apollo gave the meed of worth,
To Iſis'† bard that triumph'd o'er thy ſtrain;
Yet Maſon‡ we allow thee of poetic birth,
Nor ere but once did court the muſe in vain.

Oft o'er thy ſweeteſt wailings did I roam,
And o'er Muſæus§ urn juſt drop a tear;
Or in thy Mevil‖ bribery's ſons bemoan,
And with my lateſt breath his name revere.

Nor ſhall my nameſake¶ too his ſong impart
Without a grateful ſenſe of all his worth;



* Avon; a poem wrote by J. Huckell, of Magdalen Hall Oxford.

† Mr. Jos. Wharton, known by his tranſlation of Virgil's georgicks and ecclogues; eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope; and particularly his triumph of Iſis; to which the laſt verſe of this ſtanza more immediately belongs.

‡ Mr. Maſon wrote the tears of Iſis, poems, &c. on various ſubjects; and of late a tragedy called Caractacus. In relation to his other poems his character has been long ſince determined by the litterary world, and he appears as a clear, elegant, and maſterly author; but we are concerned to ſay that the tragedy of Caractacus, (though the performance deſerves honourable mention in many particulars) is not deſerving the pen of the celebrated Mr. Maſon.

§ Mr. A. Pope. ‖ Ode to independency.

¶ John Gilbert Cooper, Eſq; See his viſion on the tomb of Shakeſpear; likewiſe his Poems from Ariſtippus to the great in retirement.

For melancholy's ſweet ſon I know thou art,
The ſky's thy home, and of ætherial birth.

He that can draw the ſoft pathetic tear
In pious drops from pity's modeſt eye;
To merit's ſons muſt be for ever dear,
Nor can the muſe her gratitude deny.

Learn this in Gray*, ſweet elegy's own ſon,
Whoſe tender ſweetneſs melts the female heart;
Whilſt ſoft'ning angels liſt'ning at the ſong,
Aſk wond'ring who this ſecret did impart?

The ſpotleſs prieſt (when ſolemn tapers light
Play'd round the temple in a holy blaze)
In Clitherow's ‡ page ſtill innocently white,
Stands all confeſs'd, at Frederick's death amazed.

By night's black pall, majeſtically ſlow,
Ah! ſee the mourners quit the ſilent grave,

Whilſt

* See his celebrated elegy on a country church yard, ſo well liked as to have occaſioned many humble imitations of it by the herd of verſifying ſcriblers.

‡ A gentleman formerly of All-Souls College, Oxon, whoſe poem on the death of Frederick, prince of Wales is infinitely the beſt in the collection of Engliſh compoſitions.

Whilſt triſtful ſorrows from their breaſts o'erflow,
That none, alas! could Frederick's death ere ſave.

Oxonia boaſts thee for her native ſon,
And ſtill her Iſis triumphs in thy verſe;
Ingenious Wharton! for thy attic tongue
Was tipt with nectar at thy genial birth.

Soar lyric Hawkins* on thy eagle wing,
Soar to thy God and neſt thyſelf in heav'n;
Nor further dare the muſe attempt to ſing,
T' elegy's ſons ſuch ardor's never giv'n.

Remain a proof to dullneſs grinning ſons,
That poetry with reaſon's juſt pretence;
For manly reaſoning to thy ſtrain belongs,
Nor bleſs'd with genius art devoid of ſenſe.

The men of proſe, a plodding ſelfiſh race,
Deſpiſe the poet and the muſes ſong,



* Mr. Hawkins, formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Profeſſor of Poetry. He has lately publiſhed all his Works, 3 vols. but his poem on the thimble, and the ode which he calls a paraphraſe on the Te Deum are remarkably beautiful. The laſt may juſtly be ſelected as a ſpecimen of lyric poetry.

And with the marks of infamy diſgrace
The name once thought to angels to belong.

When then the daſtard ſons of envious care,
Shall damp the genial current of the ſoul,
Forgive the youth that does his caſe declare,
And points the men that poets do controul.

The man that cheriſh'd in the tender breaſt,
The genial ſeeds of ſcientific lore;
Was always for his labour doubly bleſs'd,
And though he gave, yet ne'er debas'd his ſtore.

Then let not genius in the barren ſhade,
Unfoſter'd ſicken in the penſive gloom;
For breaſts there are for heavenly muſings made,
But curſe the dapper witlings from your room.

Live long the champions of the muſes ſong,
Lowth*, Wharton, Maſon, and my plaintive Gray;
May Albion's chalky cliffs long, very long,
Its tributary honours to you yearly pay.

And

* The celebrated Dr. Lowth. Mr. Thomas Wharton, poetry profeſſor in the Univerſity of Oxford.

And may the ſea-girt ſhore with freedom crown'd
Still undiſturb'd protect your ſoft repoſe;
The fairy elves ſhall thump the hallow'd ground
In honour of your fame, till Phœbus' rays aroſe.

For Spencer oft indulgent thinks of *you,
And eyes thee here full oft with wiſhful eye;
The Britiſh Virgil pays obeyſance due,
And thinks for to conduct thee to yon azure ſky.

Some from the ſqueezings of a loveſick brain
Juſt tagg ſome grov'ling proſe in jingling rhyme;
Theſe harmleſs creatures bleſs the muddy ſtrain,
Till a review‡ ſlow traces every line.

Such earth-born ſouls I mean not to befriend,
But nurſe the ſeeds of poets ſacred rage;
The race of dunces ſure will never end,
Then leave the criticks pleaſing war to wage.

But

* Mr. Thomas Wharton. See his obſervations on Spencer's Fary Queen.

‡ A review ſeems abſolutely neceſſary, where the authors are candid and impartial, and ſerves to diſcourage trifling poetaſters, and thoſe that ſet up for writers without knowledge, ſenſe or judgment.

But you, Oxonia's ſons, whom genius fires,
With ſacred ardour for the muſes ſong;
Nor deem it impious for to ſtring your lyres,
Tho' wild enthuſaiſts* repreſent it wrong.

May the ſhort pray'r the youthful poet breaths,
Be always prov'd by Oxford's ev'ry ſon,
The muſes always wear the peaceful wreaths
That ſmilingly to olive peace belong.

May claſſic learning flouriſh in thy reign
Great Pit, immortal on the dregs of time; 2d Chatham
Nor fools, enthuſiaſts, hurt the muſes ſtrain,
With nonſenſe laviſh'd againſt harmleſs rhyme.

The gaudy gloſs of fortune's giddy band,
With wonder only ſtrikes the vulgar eye;

But

* This hint belongs to thoſe enthuſiaſts who decry human learning, and think none are in a ſalvable condition but thoſe who are of their own ſect and party, and with all the furiouſneſs of an Othello grin damnation. To ſuch impecable and dove like ſaints I ſhall only apply this ſaying of our bleſſed Saviour, in the book of Inſpiration (though they are ſcarce worth animadverting upon) that "the very harlots ſhall go into heaven before ſuch pharaſaical hypocrites".

But learning with good-nature hand in hand,
Confers ſuch honours that will never die.

Let learning then her ſacred head up-rear,
And hurl her vengeance on the daſtard foe;
The muſes ſtill the laurel chaplet wear,
And weave its honours on the poet's brow.

With freedom crown'd, ſuch gifts thy fav'rites boaſt,
Fair Rhedecyna* o'er thy verdant plain;
Accept my wiſh, though in a diſtant toaſt,
For heav'nly nectar does inſpire the ſtrain.

Riſe Oxford, ancient in the length of days,
Thy ſons preſerve, thy liberty and laws;
Still ſhall the muſes ~~caro of~~ carol heav'nly lays,
And other Whartons ſhall defend thy cauſe.

* Oxford.

ELEGY

# ELEGY V.

## *The parting lovers*. To a lady.*

PENSIVE I catch the mournful reed and ſing
The parting ſtrain betwixt my love and me;
With warblings ſweet no more the vallies ring,
Nor pipes the ſhepherd with his jocund glee.

Each rural object charms no more the ſight,
The blooming orchard nor the painted green;
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy night,
I mourn theſe beauties now ſo long unſeen.

Ah! luckleſs ſwain! how deſtitute and lorn?
That erſt could tune the ſhepherd's quill ſo well,
That oft with ſong would chear the ling'ring morn,
Whilſt thy deft ſwains the ruſtic tale would tell.

Ah! plight to fore, ſince now my Lucy's gone,
Nor aught avails her ſplendant face to ſee;
Whilſt I forlorn and deſtitute alone,
The lazy minutes ſeem too ſlow for me.

Ah!

* See this poem p. 529. Gr. Mag.

Ah! ſee the hand with ſoft endearments preſs'd,
The ruby lip with balmy kiſſes glow'd;
The gods themſelves were never half ſo bleſs'd,
And none ſo happy as when Damon lov'd.

Her tender heart 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
With ſweeteſt accents told its real flame;
She told me all——ſhe told me what it meant,
" And if not conſtant how are you to blame"?

The parting kiſs now ſeals each lover's heart,
With weeping eyes I view the length'ned way;
Her lilly hand ſhe wav'd——this did impart,
" Wilt thou be conſtant ever! ever! ſay".

## ELEGY VI.

*On the death of Mr. Maddox*, ſon to the late Lord Biſhop of Worceſter.*

NOW darkneſs deepens o'er the checquer'd lawn,
With ſolemn peal the diſtant curfews ring;
The landſkip fading with a glimmering dawn,
Is ſhaded now with night's black raven wing.



* This young gentleman, far from flattery or diſſimulation, was poſſeſſed with many good qualities, which juſtly rendered him amiable and delightful in the eyes of all his acquaintance; his genius and abilities, ſo early in life, were ſurprizing. He died very young, regretted by all that knew him

Each gold clad orb that often cheer'd the gloom,
And trim'd their lamps with luſtre adding beam;
That erſt my loneſome path would oft illume,
Or play with ſilv'ry brightneſs o'er the dimpling ſtream.

Now ſhield the proſpects from the ſtraining ſight,
And ſhrouded all with melancholy grey;
And ſee no more the meek-ey'd regent of the night,
Directs the traveller on his weary way.

The conſcious villain with tremendous glare
Now ſeeks for ſhelter o'er the woodland green,
Whilſt every whiſper of the fanning air
Breaths thrilling horror through the darkling ſcene.

But ah! ſome bright wing'd cherub of the ſky,
With floods of joy o'erwhelms the labouring breaſt;
Earth lets in vain her golden arrows fly,
Whilſt me in ſoothing ſtrains he thus addreſs'd:

" Yon lovely youth, the muſes fav'rite care,
" That whilom deem'd to tread the path of fame;
" With common duſt the common fate muſt ſhare,
" Nor live to cheriſh an immortal flame.

" The

" The God who graſps all nature in his hand,
" For wiſe decrees call'd back th' ætherial breath;
" No further ſeek t' explore the dread command,
" For who can ſooth the dull cold ear of death*"?

So muſt the ſmiling beauties of the year,
Which breath their fragrance to the crimſon morn;
Tho' in the pride of ſpring they now appear,
To time muſt yield their little lives forlorn.

As oft the choir in ſtoles of pureſt white,
With heart-felt pauſe the pealing anthem raiſe;
Still Maddox' virtues ſhall the good delight,
Whilſt rival genius liſps the note of praiſe.

Forgive fond ſhade the ſoft pathetic tear
That tender youth drop'd gently o'er thy urn;
Alike to ſcience and the muſes dear,
To tread the arduous path with joy I burn.

The ſweeteſt breath of incenſe breathing praiſe,
Applauſes laurel nor ambitions ſmile;
Back to its life the clay-cold corſe can raiſe,
Or death's ſtern power of his force beguile.

* Gray



Then

Then what avails the muſes plaintive lays,
That gently ſweep the cyprus weeping lyre?
But oh! forgive what ſhe to merit pays,
The meed of worth due to poetic fire.

Tho' low born pride extends her ample reign,
With wrinkled ſmile o'er poor ingenious worth;
Tho' lean-fac'd envy ſcorn with proud diſdain,
To own the flame of pure ætherial birth.

Yet ſhall each ſiſter bind the laurell'd wreath
With dimpling ſmiles upon the poet's brow;
In magic ſtrains their ſoothing ſweetneſs breath,
And wildly free for tuneful faults allow.

## ELEGY VII.

*The neglect of genius. To a friend.*

DARKLING along the monumental maze,
Ere Cynthia gilds the twilight veil of eve;
Or trims the low-hung cloud with ſplendent blaze,
The muſeful poet oft is heard to grieve.

Full

Full oft as near yon cloyſter'd *dome along,
He pours his wailings to the viſto'd ſcene;
Long, long he's heard to trill his mournful ſong,
And droops deſponding o'er the woodland green.

The landſkip's eye that erſt has ſtole away
Th' abſtracted ſtrain of fancy to relate;
With richly decorated meads ſo gay,
Now ſorrowing mourn the poet's hapleſs fate.

In tall majeſtic metaphor no more,
Or ſweet lipt elegy or orgies wild
He ſtrings the lyre: but ſilent does deplore
Each ſon of ſcience and the muſes child.

Had Virgil's muſe no kind Mecenas found
With tender care to guide his infant fame,
The horſe in vain had ſhook the trembling ground,
Or hapleſs Dido known love's ſecret flame.

As oft he ſtray'd near Severn's banks along,
The ſhameful theme the muſe would oft rehearſe,
Or breath her ſorrows in a plaintive ſong,
Where firſt he learn'd to liſp the infant verſe.

Till

* Worceſter cathedral.

Till at the laſt in azure mantle clad,
(The graceful virgin on her urn reclin'd)
And thus in wailings melancholy ſad,
Tho' ſweetly ſorrowing, ſpoke in accents kind.

" Ah ſoon! too ſoon, I heard thy piteous moan,
" And wiſh'd, ah wiſh'd that I could bring relief;
" But late, too late! Britannia now ſhall groan,
" And feel with me the heart-felt racking grief".

For tho' the palm belongs to her alone
Whoſe letter'd ſons are fill'd with lyric rage;
Yet ſee each riſing bard his fate bemoan,
And too, too juſtly blame the venal age.

Ah! ſee corruption ſhed the golden ſhow'r,
O'er plodding dulneſs and the ſons of care;
Whilſt heav'n-born poets curſe the fatal hour,
Nor blooming genius meets with half the ſhare.

But ſtill thy ſoft mæonian ſtrain ſhall charm,
O *Shenſtone! wiſdom's, virtue's, honour's ſon,
Nurs'd

* Mr. Shenſtone as a gentleman and poet deſerves honourable mention, and his poems, a few trifling ſongs &c. omitted, are worthy the amiable and ingenious author.

Nurs'd by thy care each claſſic muſe from harm
Shall tune to paſt'ral ſtop, the doric ~~lay~~ ſong

With memory's pen bright in the golden page,
Enroll'd ſhall ſhine till time ſhall be no more;
Thy much-lov'd name, to each progreſſive age,
And fame ſhall ſtretch the ſound from ſhore to ſhore

## *ELEGY VIII.

*On the death of the late Dr. Hodges, late provoſt of Oriell College, Oxon, A.D. 1757.*

AS bluſhing vi'lets gently break their way
Through moſſy banks in many a vale unſeen;
And left perhaps to tyrant beaſts a prey,
Or waſte their ſweetneſs on the deſart green.

So latent lie deep in each mind confin'd,
The genial ſparks of ſcience' noble rage;
Till ſome kind friend the uſeful taſk aſſign'd,
Unlocks the beauties of her ample page.

This

* This elegy was wrote about the age of eighteen, and therefore the criticks animadverſions upon ſo juvenile a production is not expected.

This taſk was thine, to teach with winning awe,
For virtues cauſe each tender breaſt to move;
Whoſe bright example was religion's law,
And every action, every word was love.

How oft have I by contemplation led,
When Cancer rag'd with more than ſcorching heat,
In ſome cool grot repoſe my weary head,
And mus'd forlorn, religion's drooping ſtate?

Till ſome bright ſaint the penſive breaſt inſpire,
In ſecret tranſports for its cauſe to glow;
To catch the flame of ſweet ſeraphic fire;
And ſcorn triumphant every potent foe.

Near to yon grove, now frowning as in ſcorn,
The moral muſe would often take her way;
There gently breath her wayward thoughts forlorn,
To the ſoft muſic of the doric lay.

As oft ſhe ſtray'd from yonder nodding tow'r,
Of antique form, with ~~joy~~ ivy circling round;
Where ſmiling graces from the cyprian bow'r,
In myſtic mazes gently print the ground.

To ſoar perhaps on fancy's eagle wing,
Or read th' inſtructive leſſon of the ſkies;
Full many a time would ſhe lamenting ſing,
That honour's path through dullneſs' portal lies.

If cold neglect then damps the poet's fire,
Or envy's ſtorms deny him empty praiſe;
No more he ſtrives to wake the ſounding lyre,
But droops deſponding o'er th' unfiniſh'd lays.

But ah! what change? the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
And aged winter droops her hoary head;
O'er all the landſkip ſullen ſadneſs low'rs,
And ſilent ſpectres leave the lowly bed.

With friendly light, bright Cynthia's beams no more
Direct the traveller to his wiſh'd-for home;
A devious path his wand'ring ſteps explore,
Whilſt he, alas! does ſtill in error roam.

Lo! 'mid the gloom the ſportive beetles play
In dreary tranſport o'er the hapleſs field;
Th' ill-boding ſcreetch-owl wings his lonely way,
Whilſt envious clouds the ſtarry proſpects ſhield.

Nor think it ſtrange ſome dreadful news to hear,
When howling dogs the peaceful village wake;
For then, alas! pale horrid ghoſts appear,
And reſtleſs then their ſilent graves forſake.

My ſhud'dring ſoul with ghaſtly fears was fill'd,
And chilly damps through all my vitals play;
My conſcious boſom with confuſion thrill'd,
And voices whiſp'ring ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:

"Alas! he's gone, religion's kindeſt friend,
"The good, the great, the pious, and the juſt;
"So muſt this world, and ſo its beauties end,
"And lie for ever mould'ring in the duſt".

Hark! 'tis confirm'd—the doleful knell I hear,
And ſoon, too ſoon, the ſad proceſſion view;
Good H——s name aſſaults the liſt'ning ear,
Whilſt real grief diſmays the faithful few.

Ah! then, cries I, in plaintive ſorrow loſt,
Who would this life, this bubble life adore!
On ſeas of woe the little bark is toſt,
And ere we ſpeak muſt other realms explore.

Still is our pride ſo near ally'd to duſt,
That all muſt feel fell death's impending blow;
Nor can evade, tho' zealous in their truſt,
The furious onſet of our common foe.

So muſt the aged honours of the oak,
Who many a ſtorm and pelting ſhow'r has ſtood,
Submit at laſt to time's impartial ſtroke,
And prove an emblem of the juſt and good.

But what avails through flattery's trump to ſound
In frigid ſtrains to each progreſſive age,
How great he was, or ſpread his fame around,
Or court the muſe to tempt a mimic rage?

Yet the ſweet incenſe of immortal praiſe,
The modeſt youth breathes gently o'er his urn;
A laſting trophy to the good ſhe'll raiſe,
Then tread the ſteps and every virtue learn.

Here lies his head upon the lap of earth,
A faithful ſervant, and a friend of God;
Religion's beams ſmil'd on his happy birth,
At laſt, reſign'd, he kiſs'd the potent rod.

If virtue's cauſe demands a pious care,
Or truſts her ſecrets with a faithful friend;
Sure then good H——s in the taſk muſt ſhare,
And for her rights muſt glorioufly contend.

Quick to its manſion through the ambient ſky,
Where penſive cares and ſorrows ne'er moleſt;
With mental eyes then view him mount on high,
His head reclining on an angel's breaſt.

Oh would ſome ſpirit from the realms of day,
From this vain world relieve my anxious mind;
The raptur'd ſound with pleaſure I'd obey,
And bid adieu to tranſient joys behind.

Till then ſubmiſſive to his maker's will,
The youth delights on future hopes to dwell;
Or o'er the lawn, or near the murm'ring rill,
To breath his wiſhes with his Philomel*.

* Mrs Rowe.

*End of the Elegies.*

# BEWDLEY:

A

# POEM,

In Blank Verſe,

IN TWO BOOKS.

~~ουδεν γλυκιον ης πατριδος ουδε τοκεων.~~

Hom. Odyſſ.

First pub. in Grand Magazine
vol II. 1759 (u F R)

TO

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

SIR EDWARD WINNINGTON,

THIS POEM,

ON

# BEWDLEY,

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

MOST HUMBLE

AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

# BEWDLEY:

A

# POEM.

## BOOK I.

WHERE nodding woods that tuft the mossy rock,
Or rise majestic on the swelling mount,
With distant falls of water trickling down;
Where solemn oaks in stately grandeur rear
Their swelling heads; whilst through the waving copse
The peaceful breezes swell the throbbing breast,
To scorn the low-born reptiles of a world,
And court in leaf-strown walks from human eye,
Sweet meek-ey'd peace and fancy's tow'ring strain;

The muſeful poet often devious ſtrays
To hear the widow'd black-bird tell her tale
In artleſs wailings to the liſt'ning ſcene,
Where length'ned viſtoes oft th' abſtracted eye
Of fancy charm; whilſt through th' irriguous vale
Sweet green-rob'd ſpring her laviſh beauties ſheds,
Emboſom'd ſoft 'midſt waving woods around,
Or nodding groves that ſtill embrown the ſcene.
Thy mart, oh Bewdley! claims the poet's lay,
Where firſt (by gracious providence ordain'd)
He breath'd the vital air; and now he brings
A grateful tribute of reſpectful praiſe.
The tuneful page, the ſtar-tip'd pillar'd dome,
The glitt'ring canvas, or the breathing paint,
The ſpeaking ſtatue, or the chiſel'd ſtone,
The doric column, or the fretted vault,
The well-turn'd period, or pathetic ſtrain;
The flute, ſoft-breathing to the lovers lay,
With blandiſh'd accents ſyllabled to love,
All are deriv'd from induſtry and thee,
Sweet * emanation of almighty pow'r;
Or what with laſting praiſe tranſmits our name
To ages yet unborn. Deign ſmiling maid

* Genius

With

With graceful eaſe to guide my youthful ſong;
As erſt with thee the tapers dazling glare
I've watch'd, or oft ſubmiſſive waited ſtill,
And long'd the moment of returning thought.
The muſe, unſkill'd for ſweet-lip'd flattery's ſtrain,
To thee, Lorenzo, dedicates the lay;
In whom unite the ſocial manly ſenſe,
And all the ſoft embelliſhments of life.
Ye green-hair'd nymphs who ſmilingly attend
The ſolemn ſilence of the ſcene; the rills
Still pratling through the moſſy pebbles loud,
Or curling now by Zephyr's ruffling breeze,
In free meanders trickling down along,
To meet Sabrina's ſilver ſtream below.
Beſt meed of verſe, oh hither wildly free,
Your ſoft loquatious harmony diſcloſe
In melting murmurs to the tuneful ſong.
Now when th' autmnal ſun the vary'd plain
With glory gilds, inſpiring life around,
Extatic felt in every beating vein;
The gunner oft in ſhort-liv'd thunder kills
The rural game; the keen-nos'd ſpaniel draws
With ſenſe ſagacious the informing gale;

The ranging pointer in his mid career,
Now cautious makes a pauſe; quick through the air
Their ſudden flight the leaden death o'ertakes,
Reſounding far; now from the mountain's top,
Born on the gales of dying winds, the horn
Long winding through th' ecchoing vale below
Is heard delightful; and the jocund crew
O'er hill and vale purſue the timid hare,
Whilſt eccho ſweetly mocks their joyful cries.
Ætherial ſon of fancy's trueſt birth,
O gentle *Thompſon! whoſe deſcriptive tale
Draws reaſon captive; and whoſe flowing vein
O'er lateſt æra's deathleſs ſhall prevail!
May ſome remains of that poetic flame
That warm'd thy breaſt and fir'd thy raviſh'd ſoul,
Deſcend on me, the muſes meaneſt ſon;
Who fain would ſing to Laura's liſt'ning ear
What native beauties her own Bewdley boaſts.
If Avon's ſtream the †poet could inſpire
To ſing her free meand'ring channels wide,
And live in memory's book in golden notes;

Shall

* Mr. William Thompſon, late of Queen's Coll. Oxon.

† See Avon, a Poem, wrote by J. Huckell, of Mag. Hall, Oxon. of which houſe the author of Bewdley has the honour tobe a Member.

Shall ſweet Sabrina's ſilver ſtream remain
By us unſung? We boaſt the rural arts;
The clanging horn full oft awakes the maid
Soft ſliding down in balmy reſt, to tunes
More pleaſant than the Spheres, more grateful far
Than generous happy draughts of rich champaign
To youthful poets when they grow immortal.

Now near the daiſy-braided mead, beneath
Yon oaken foliage of luxurious growth,
The fiſher oft, with various arts, eſſays
To tempt the ſilver fry. The tortur'd worm
Now round the barbed ſteel in writhed forms,
Seen in the water's chryſtal glaſs afar,
Draws to its ſnare the ſwift voracious trout
In ſpeckled pride; upon the bank he dies.
The warrior perch with ſcaly coat of mail,
By nature cloath'd from all aſſaults, now yields
With ſad reluctance to the bending rod.
The Eel in ſilver labyrinths involv'd,
And carp all burniſh'd o'er with wavy gold,
Live, ſweet Sabrina, in thy lambent ſtream,
And tempt the muſeful angler to delights
Beyond the reach of kings. Here would the muſe

The arts diſcloſe of patient fiſhers, when
With treacherous bait he tempts the ſcaly fry.
How cautious! near yon willow-fringed ſtream
He takes his ſilent ſtand: but ſweet Muſæus thou
Forbid'ſt the pains, ſince thy own muſe has ſung
Near Windſor's nodding groves in ſtrains ſublime,
The rural arts and anglers gentle toil.

Now ſmiling ev'ning crowns my devious walk
With all the bluſhing purple of the ſky;
And grateful now the faintly-beaming ſun,
In mild majeſtic dignity array'd,
Invites the laughing damſel to direct
Her lightſom footſteps where Sabrina rolls
Her naval ſtream: where thouſand ſhepherds play
In gladſom gambols near her willow'd brim.
Or chuſe you rather Ticknell's proud retreat,
Unhappy * Arthur's ſeat: (Ill fated prince!
Who like Marcellus promis'd in his reign,
A train of glories to a gazing world.)
O come! whilſt teeming nature ſwells the year,
There gently liſten to the faithful tale
Of turtles cooing with inceſſant love.



* The ſon of Henry VI.

I languiſh, die, with love! whilſt through the grove
Its ſilent arrows pierce into my ſoul,
Deep, deeper ſtill! O ſofteſt pleaſing pain!
Nor can the virgin lilly, nor the roſes breath,
The ſilver-footed dew, nor zephyr's ſpicy gale,
The ſnow-drop's whiteneſs, nor the primroſe gay,
The billing turtle, or the cooing dove;
Nor yet my native ſkies all burniſh'd o'er
With flaming gold, nor yon ætherial lark
That ſprung low-roofted from her lowly bed,
Ere ſooth my anxious mind——Come Laura then,
O come! whilſt joyful nature blooms around;
Whilſt * bonny belles each tender lover ſeek,
To crown their happy loves, my charmer, come,
And bleſs the youthful poet's arms! for thee
I'll rob the garden of its ſweets: for thee
The damaſk'd fields ſhall yield their ſpicy breath,
And zephyrs nectar ſpirit gently bear
Its balmy burthen round thy flowing veſt.
O liſten faireſt as thy name-ſake did,
In ſoft Vancluſa's vale to Petrarch's woe.
My tuneful breath ſhall often wake the quill

To

* Pretty Women.

To ſongs of love, of ſolace and delight,
If thou my fair one deign a gracious ſmile.
Come then, my Laura, ſweeter than the muſe,
I'll preſs thy ſpotleſs innocence once more,
And wanton o'er thy boſom's dainty mold,
The downy throne of love: worthy a God!
The ſpeaking purple of thy glowing cheek,
And 'ſuaſive language of thy diamond eye,
Thy poliſh'd neck, ſweet clad in balmy ſnow,
And hair diſhevel'd o'er thy flowing veſt,
Diſporting with the breeze full wanton wild,
O'ercome the gazing ſwain; too ſoon he finds
Deluſive love enervates all the ſoul,
And ſweetly kills! O you of tender mold,
Who feel too ſoon its nectar-tickling ſting,
(As when Monimia erſt my heart had ſtole)
Avoid the view, nor ſoften into love.
What does not bear the ſhock of cank'ring time?
The flinty pyramid, the attic dome,
In nodding ruins trembling from their baſe
Deſcend: this vaſt rotundity we tread
Shall ſhortly be no more: the bleſſed ſun
Shall die, and trackleſs leave the ſkies.

The Babylonian ſpires, and § Aſia's boaſt
Are ſunk; and tottering empires moulder down:
Palmyra's ruins claim th' attentive eye,
And teach th' hiſtoric ſage, a grateful truth,
That wealth and grandeur ſoon, ah! ſoon ſhall ceaſe;
That virtue only ſtamps the worth of man,
" And makes the noble, bear a nobler name. *
One moral truth from † Ripsford's ruins learn
Ye mealy-feather'd fops, ye ſons of vice,
Who in ſoft dalliance, in the harlot's lap,
Dream falſe of pleaſures, labyrinths of woe.
Neſted in woods the ſtately ſtructure rear'd
Its awful head: now in decaying pride,
Its maſter's lordly ſtep it owns no more.
Had virtue here but kept the looſen'd reins
Of kindled paſſion and unbridled luſt,
He might have liv'd like nature's eldeſt ſons
Sincerely good, whilſt ‡ Hygeia's ſmile ſuſtain'd
A body free from ſickneſs, and a mind
Bravely determined to reſiſt the tide
Of vice, corruption, faction, and deceit.
Fronting the deep, with a low'ring brow,



§ Diana's Temple. * Dr. Young.
† Formerly the ſeat of Lord Herbert. ‡ The goddeſs of health.

Yon * gloomy rock uprears its awful head:
Here, as tradition tells, th' infected tribes
Were kept, when thouſand deaths the ſea-girt ſhore
Of Albion ſaw: the circumambient heav'n
Was big with death; and every breeze was bane.

O may the guardian angel of our iſle,
From the dire peſt her generous ſons defend,
Nor thin her cities more! nor let her youth
Sink void of wounds, and die without renown!

Thy verdant meads with ſilver daiſies gay,
Where flowrets breathe their little lives in air,
Bloom wanton wild, and ſcent the tiſſued ſky.
O Sambourne tempt the poet's grateful lay,
Whilſt health ſtill wantons on the weſtern breeze,
And lyric larks, encomiaſts of the ſky,
Inſpire us with enthuſiaſtic warmth
To catch their notes, though tremulouſly high,
And in fame's golden ecchoing trump to ſound,
With full-blown cheeks, the ſeat of rural eaſe.
On either hand the waſte and low-brow'd rock,

With

* The black rock where the ſick were conveyed when the plague was in Bewdley.

With lowing herds and bleating ſheep around,
A goodly group of every ſize and age.
We want not here the ſtately gorgeous dome,
Tho' regal pomp had ſwell'd the ſtructure high.
Give me, O give me but a cleanly cot,
A book, a friend, a briſk enliv'ning glaſs,
A modeſt damſel heark'ning to my call,
I wiſh no more; but wiſh my king as much.
Yon peaceful villa glittering to the view,
Commands a lengthen'd proſpect far away,
Where towns emboſom'd 'midſt the tufted woods,
(Known by the ſmoke in curling clouds) ariſe.
Or up the mazes of thy well-known hill,
O Dowles, I'll haſten, and I'll there ſurvey
The proſpect wide, and Bewdley's naval ſtore.
Full oft, when youthful pleaſures ſwell'd his veins,
The poet here has breath'd the vital air,
'Midſt ſocial converſe, and 'midſt friendſhip pure:
Unnumber'd bleſſings on the dove-like wing
Of ſacred friendſhip guard the few that love.

*End of the Firſt Book.*

# BEWDLEY:

## A

# POEM.

## BOOK II.

CReative bard! expand thy fairy ſcene,
And with thy images enrich my ſong.
O gentle Spencer! now in beauties praiſe
My numbers are to roll from Edmund's ſtore.
Fluſh'd with the thought thy hoſpitable muſe,
Father of fancy! lends her myſtic charms,
And darts her radiance in a ſparkling glance,
Full mantling in my brain. Now I feel
The genial impulſe and the flow of ſoul.
Enthuſiaſts now I like a madman rave,

And

And oh! a madneſs ſacred, pure and clear,
Divinely caught by beauties ſun-clad eye;
Not like the ſons of darkneſs and of ſly diſguiſe,
Who grin damnation to a gaping crew.
Some drops diſtil and purge the mental ray,
Divine religion, thou heart-eaſing fair,
From miſts that cloud the mind and blunt the ſoul:
O give me to enjoy thee pure and clear,
And then may German folios reſt; and all
The horrid ſtuff that brain-ſick fools adore.
Now when the ſpring in amice-green array'd,
Purfled in various robes of fluſhing hue,
Inveſts the laughing plains; with jocund glee
May beauty ſtill inſpire thy honeſt ſons,
O * Chaddeſly, ſeat of pleaſant rural eaſe;
May never ‡ ſlander's viper's tongue diſturb
The happy moments of ſo ſweet repoſe,
That might give ſoftneſs to a Petrarch's muſe,
Or kindle rapture in a Shenſtone's page.

Soft

* A village in the neighbourhood of Bewdley.

‡ There is an ingenious book, lately publiſh'd for Dodſley, called The Beldames, which very juſtly expoſes the vanity of Back-biting and Goſſips. I would recommend this to the politer ſort of Scandal-mongers; but however, I think to preſent the world with a Lucubration on this ſubject in the Imperial Magazine, under the title of the Remarker, the next opportunity.

Soft made and temper'd with ætherial hands,
Ye finer ſouls! who genie expanſe of thought
Freely to roam, and pinion'd on the wings
Of eagle fancy, dare an arduous taſk,
Oh ſhun the daſtard wretch who ſmiling ſtabs
His neighbour's fame:——For you ye happy fair,
Taught with nice judgment to conceive,
And ſcorn to vie with aſſes and with apes,
For you the poet plans the tuneful verſe,
And conſecrates the ſtrain. Once more he prays,
May pure elyſian gales, from ſpicy beds
Of weſtern odours, fan the vernal grove,
And ever bleſs the *harmleſs* charming fair.
For foliaged columns, nor corinthian ſtone,
The feminine Ionick, nor Tuſcan dome,
Howe'er in juſt proportion they agree,
Commanding wonder to a gaping clown,
Can ſtill the throbbing of the guilty breaſt,
That ſells its charms for lucre baſe of gold:
It ever bites with more corroding tooth,
Than could the deadly python of the Nile;
It preys upon the vitals, gnaws the ſoul.
Curs'd be the man, tho' all the ægyptian mines
Embowell'd own' his maſterly command,

Whoe'er

Whoe'er he be, that ſells his virgin's charms
For mean and ſordid duſt: be warn'd ye fair,
Whilſt vernal-tinctured purple blends the cheek
'Midſt ſportive lillies elegantly ſweet,
Be grateful to the beſt, nor ſell your charms;
The conſtant boy with truth and honour fraught,
Encircled in eternity of love,
O give the future promiſe of your joy.
Now ſoft reclin'd amid' arcadian ſcenes,
Impart a cordial to his pleaſing ſmart,
As welcome as the roſy month of May,
And gently liſten to his faithful tale:
For thouſand, nay, ten thouſand woes attend
The contrary extream: may manly hearts,
With ſacred love and honour hand in hand,
Protect each conſtant fair in mutual love.
May virtue's banner, cloath'd in pureſt white
And plenty pour around her copious ſweets:
May roſy'd health ſit cheerful on their brow,
And prattling children on their mothers knee
Full often liſp the tedious time away.
Such does Ianthe in her * Theron's arms
Fulfil, and crowns the poet's honour'd ſong,

And

* Sir Ed. Winnington.

And draws the ardor of the youthful muſe,
In Bewdley's praiſe, to end the tuneful ſtrain.
Long had the youth o'er painted virgins rov'd,
Long caught the ſide-long glance from beauty's eye;
But ſweet Ianthe preſſes to his arms,
By virtue, beauty, and good ſenſe endear'd.
Tho' many a fair in vivid bloom full blown,
Mantled with joy to meet the lovely lip;
For them each vernal-tinctur'd gale expands
The ſweets of all Arabia's ſpicy breath,
And proud to ſwell Ianthe's curling veſt,
Saluting make th' injurious mantle riſe.
Here honour, love, good nature, far excel
The hoarded pelf that peeviſh miſers lure
Their taſſels with that Kiſs, and cling for gold,
Or to the arms of impotence and age
Give all their virgin charms. Live always bleſt,
Ye envy'd pair, in generous breaſts rever'd,
And prove a truth, that Albion's ſons ſhould know
That Bewdly once could boaſt a Conſtant Pair.
May ev'ry virtuous youth with mutual wiſh
Thy great example take, and copy thee;
For happineſs attendant waits on love,
That generous love, I mean, that ſtill contemns

The

The mean and ſordid ways that gold directs,
Such as a Winnington deſpiſed, and ſuch
That gods condemn, tho' fools on earth adore.

But other themes invite my wand'ring ſong,
Tho' ſtill reluctant from the pleaſing taſk
The muſes turn away; Lorenzo deign
With patience for to hear my devious ſong.
Tho' ſnow-complexion'd toaſts beguile the ſons
Of riot and debauch, yet modeſt worth
Demands the luxury of tender thought;
Friend may I call thee, then thou dareſt forgive
The faults attendant on impetuous youth,
And could thy *Akinſide or Hurſt inſpire
With teeming thought the once unclouded ſoul,
Then would I bribe ſucceſs, and bravely ſing
A ſtrain, thought worthy of Lorenzo's ear;
But graver ſtrains invite me far, to looſe
The tender Ovid's wailings to the wind,
And give Tibullus to a looſer hour;
Tho' ſcarcely can I leave the tittering train,
The taper fingers and the iv'ry neck,



* See the Pleaſures of Imagination.

The pratling fair ones, nor thoſe hills of ſnow.
But penury attends the muſes ſong,
That melts in ſoftneſs all the ſoul away,
Long cenſur'd by the plodding ſons of proſe,
And often baniſh'd from the lib'ral heart.
Here penſive virtue drops a ſilent tear,
And at the thought the muſes turn away;
Their ſiſter ſculpture, from the languid hand
The chizzel drops, and painting ſtands confeſs'd,
Ready to ſketch their features to the world.
Far from promotion's view then let me die,
And eat my bread in peace and ſweet content:
Tho' envious fortune on a flimzy crew
Her favours ſhow'rs, let me in cheerful eaſe
Enjoy the ſweetneſs that the muſes bring,
The ſlender pittance of ſequeſter'd life;
My Pomfret there ſhall teach me how to live,
And Tillotſon inſtruct me how to die.
Pleas'd then I'd ſmile and mark creation's pow'r,
When *Armſtrong's ſober laws direct me beſt
What ſuits the body and infeſt the mind;



* See Dr. Armſtrong's Hiſtory of Health, a maſterly compoſition, and (omitting the harſhneſs of ſome of his verſes) he appears as an original writer of the firſt rank in modern compoſition.

A poet he, and touch'd by heav'n's own fire,
Who wakes the ſtring, and through the thrilling breaſt
Breaths a gay rapture, ſweet almoſt to pain!
In poliſh'd phraſe or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Exalts, inflames, and captivates the ſoul,
If generous love or gratitude inſpire.
For him the muſe the ſacred laurel crops,
And binds its hallow'd wreath around his brow:
Nor ſhould I wander devious from the way,
Had I the lights of that poetic mind,
Who when an infant to his lips applied
The loud *Papinian trump, and boldly ſung
Fraternal rage and guilty Thebe's alarms.
Howe're imperfect, pardon the attempt
Of youthful ardour, and permit that I
My little knowledge to my country ſhare,
Till ſome more able for the great eſſay
(Who all the Alps of ſcience has ſurvey'd)
With charms that grace it dignifies the theme.
May clouds of odours from the weſtern breeze,
That gently fan the undulating ſky,
For ever bleſs with animated bloom



* Pope, vide ſtat. Thebais.

Her honeſt ſons: may foſt'ring winds attend
The freighted barge, and ſafely her conduct
Into the wiſh'd-for home; nor fright'ning elements,
With winds tempeſtuous, daſh the loaded bark,
And melt the widow's heart in bitter moan
Of tender wailings for a huſband's loſs.
O could the ſoul of Homer from her ſphere
Shed its ſweet influence o'er my raviſh'd ſoul,
Then would I ſing her pomp and naval ſtore,
Her ſons as buſy as th' induſtrious bee;
Her wealth, her trade, and honeſt zeal,
Proud in her ſelf the little mart diſdains
A foreign aid: her ſons inured to toil,
Through winds tempeſtuous ~~brighter~~ bring her India's ſtore,
May zephyrs muſky wing the landſkip fan
With gales of health in gentle ev'ning tide,
Diſpreaden wide o'er all thy purpled lawns.
For thee, my Laura, may each fluſhing grove
And vermil garden yield its ſpicy breath;
The blooming orchard and the painted green,
Stretch'd by the pencil of all-nature's god;
The placid ſmile of Severn's dimply ſtream,
Her breaſt unruffled by the curling breeze;

The

The ſky ſo grateful in the ev'ning hour,
Damaſk'd with purple, burniſh'd o'er with gold;
The mellow thruſh, and love-lorn nightingale,
All, all conſpire to bleſs thy rural walk.

Let this memorial then at leaſt ſuffice,
That erſt to Bewdley's praiſe her native ſon
Attun'd the lyre, and erſt obey'd the call
Of honour, truth, ſincerity, and love.

# *MALVERN-SPAW:*

A

# POEM.

Inſcribed to a Lady.

# MALVERN-SPAW:

A

# POEM.

Inscribed to a Lady.

# *MALVERN-SPAW:*

A

## POEM.

Inſcribed to a Lady.

O Yet a moment from th' unfiniſh'd lay,
Attentive learn your country's riſing fame;
The muſe, tho' modeſt, dares the debt to pay,
With foſtering care then nurſe the genial flame.

Perhaps my Sylvia! for I ſing to you,
In ſome fond breaſt the youth may find a friend;
Nor yet theſe ſtrains will Clitus careleſs view,
But hear, applaud, and faithfully commend.

For much we pardon to ingenious youth,
Tho' weak their judgment, and their paſſions gay;

At length will dawn the milder morn of truth,
And gently clear th' intellectual ray.

Ere villag'd care has ſwung the morning flail,
Or ſturdy peaſant hail'd the new-born day;
O green-ſtol'd nymph! thy fountain to aſſail,
With ſlowly ſteps we climb the weary way.

At that ſad hour when grief and ſickneſs pine,
And from the ſoul its every comfort's fled;
When blaſted, all our golden hopes decline,
And woeful wan we hang the drooping head.

When flies the crimſon from the virgin cheek,
In tides of health no more has learn'd to flow;
The roſy'd hue, when we forget to ſeek,
And ſilent ſhed a tear for virtuous woe.

Thy waters, Malvern! bleſs'd with healing pow'r,
Our priſtine health can happily reſtore,
Whilſt we enjoy the gayly-gilded hour,
Bleſs'd with content and true inſtructive lore.

Firſt on theſe banks, beſide the pebbled ſpring,
Her chequer'd ſweets may bluſhing Flora ſhed;

May rival larks their firſt ſweet warblings ſing,
And the firſt cowſlip rear its golden head.

May ſnow-drops firſt in virgin whiteneſs dreſs'd,
And bluſhing vi'lets gently break their way;
May linnets here firſt build their vernal neſt,
And breath their warblings to the dawn of day.

Still Malvern, ancient in the moſs of time,
Will often claim the poet's tuneful lyre;
Whilſt tender Infants liſp the uncouth rhyme,
Or learn the truth from their more ancient ſire.

By worth invited, can the muſe forget
The tender care of *Celſus' lenient hand;
What bounds to praiſe can merit's patrons ſet,
But hail the lay to time's laſt droping ſand.

Haply ſome conſcious to th' unerring lay,
May oft recall the ſtruggling pangs of grief;
As oft to God the duteous taſk they pay,
Bleſs the kind hand that gently brought relief.

Not like the ſons of pride with graceful eaſe,
Whilſt candour brightens from his gen'rous heart;



* Dr Wall, an eminent Phyſician in Worceſter.

In tuneful lays he dares the muſes pleaſe,
And ſweetneſs ſoftens every touch of art.

This meed of worth, from ſervile flattery free,
The muſe preſents: 'tis all the muſe can give.
The tuneful toil, my Sylvia! deign to ſee,
Nurs'd by thy ſmile, the lay ſhall ever live.

To praiſe the fair with true poetic fire,
Let *flatt'ring bards their deathleſs lays rehearſe;
But we, more modeſt, ſcorn the muſe to tire,
In ſpotleſs tales of this our infant verſe.

* This ſarcaſm belongs to the author of a poem called Sanſome Fields, which, for its imagery, cadence, diction, &c. does not deſerve mention.

HYMN

An

# HYMN to Learning*.

Εκ μοισαν αγαθον κλεος.

Hom.

O Parent of each pleaſing hour,
Benign, thy ~~courteous~~ copious bleſſings pour;
My artleſs lays with rapture warm,
And with thy genial influence charm.
As erſt in Dythyrambic verſe,
When I thy praiſes would rehearſe;
And wildly ſweep the careleſs lyre,
In boldly ſweet poetic fire.

Near

* As ſeveral gentlemen have expreſſed a liking for this poem, I have thought proper to add it to this collection, for the peruſal of my good-natured ſubſcribers. They will find ſome thoughts borrowed from Mr. Warton's Ode to fancy, and if there is any thing deſerving notice, it is owing to that ingenious and maſterly production.

Near Sabrina's coral flood,
As on her verdant banks I ſtood,
Come with thy looſely flowing hair,
Thy buſkin'd leg and comic air:
In ſober eaſe, divinely great,
With piercing eyes and Pallas' wit,
With laurell'd wreaths thy temples crown'd,
Thy waiſt with myrtles circled round.
O come unto thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Thou faireſt of the faireſt fair!
And bleſs the youth that burns with rage,
To live in thy hiſtoric page!
To meet the morning's purple hue,
Or bruſh with haſte the pearly dew;
Or near yon oft frequented place,
To tempt with art the finny race.
Still by thy pleaſing paſſion led,
(All other paſſions being fled)
I ſeem to live paſt ages o'er,
Or fight on fam'd Scamander's ſhore.
Now eager graſp ideal ſteel
And ſeem war's horrid woes to feel:

Now with Achilles mount the car,
On hoſtile pinions carried far.
In tented fields I ſeem to fly,
Where hills of ſlain together lie.
With ſorrow now lament the fate
Of Troy's relenting drooping ſtate.
Ah why were women, angels fair,
With pleaſing ſhape, delightful air,
Thus by th' Almighty to us giv'n,
But for man a little heav'n?
But now, perverted from the ſtate
Of all that's good and lovely great,
Fair tempters now th' eternal woe
Of man, and his moſt direful foe.
I fly the rout where riot reigns,
And dwell with thee in daiſy'd plains,
Nor join the Bachanalian crew,
In orgies wild, but dwell with you;
With thee in olive-peace array'd,
Thou ever pleaſing gentle maid.
I fly the plodding ſons of care,
Always gay and debonnair,

And

And ſearch the muſes hidden ſtore
Of learned thought and ſacred lore.
Tho' ſunny Afric's auburn down
Would all the miſers wiſhes crown,
And ſable naiads own'd his ſway,
And ſuppliant to his nod obey.
Yet truths oracular that ſhine
From the fam'd Dodonian ſhrine,
Thoſe truths that Hamadryads ſung,
Theſe ſilent groves and woods among,
Shall lift the ſoul from meaner care,
By every fanning breeze of air.

* Hagley Park, near which the Author lives.

*FINIS.*